

THE
Devil of a Wife,
OR A
Comical Transformation.

As it is Acted by Their MAJESTIES
Servants at the Queens Theatre in
Dorset Garden.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

Licensed March 30th. 1686. R. L. S.

L O N D O N,
Printed, by J. Heptinstall, for J. Eaglesfield
at the Marigold over against the Globe-Tavern in
Fleet-Street. MDCLXXXVI.

Devin of Devon

or

Comyn's Translation

of the Maitland
of Lauderdale
and the
Countess of
Devon

and
John

and the
Countess of
Devon

London

Printed by H. B. for
the Earl of Lauderdale
and the Countess of
Devon MDCCLXXI

THE Epistle Dedicatory.

To my Worthy Friends and Patrons at
Locket's Ordinary.

YOU are not to be told, that Poets are sawcy, very
sawcy, mighty sawcy, but your (wou'd be) Poet, or
Farce Snipper Snapper, such a Promiscuous Riddle me Re,
as my self always super-abounding; Therefore do I
heartily hope, but more humbly entreat, that with
the Piercing Eye of Understanding, and through the
Orbicuous Glass of Reason, you will perfectly discern,
and then wholly attribute the bold Presumption of
this sharp Epistle (as I may justly term it) to my See-
ming self as Audacious *Jevon* the Poet, and not to
my Real self as Modest Mr. *Jevon* the Player. But
now I intend to give my self an unwilling Loose to
Eloquent Words and Rhetorical Notions (which to
Me have always Prompt and Ready bin.) *Et ad Un-
guem, & ad Pennam*, and forthwith cast my self upon
the Naked Confines of *Mediocrity*, and in plain terms
come pat and closely to you thus.

The Epist'le Dedicatory.

You may please to call to mind and well remember that presently after our *Catcall Dissolution*, which for some time, from our Natural Home, and Provident Stage, dispers'd abroad Us Under-Acting *Jews* without a *Moses* to provide our *Manna*: And after the Prayers (as you may guess) of the many Murmuring Hirelings, for those whose Whistling Breath blew 'em to a more remote and far worse Climate, 'twas then the Needfull *I* (by dint of Hunger forc'd) wrote (you know full well) such Powerfull Lines to your unmindfull Senate, that had ye not All had Hearts of Stone you wou'd have melted into Retaliating Favours. Your speedy Promises were Great, but your slow Performances (witness ye Unassisting Gods) alas, were Small. Let this my All-Commanding Style, and most Ingenious Piece then now revive and whet your almost blunted Purpose, to a more lively, quick and solid Answer: Let me endear ye all (my Yet but seeming Friends, and promising Patrons only) to a more Ponderous Resolution and Candid Answer to him that, Gad Judge me, ye know to be

Your humble and obedient Servant,

THO. JEVON.

THE
P R E F A C E.

T O T H E

Grave, Learned, Judicious, and De-
liberate.

THE Modern Age, and present Representations, unknown to the Antiquated Limits, which in all bounds of Prevalent Atonements, supersede the Equinoctials of Illuminary Spirits, are not in the least captivated with the Decorum of Dress, fortunate and succeeding Action, exhausted Master of Volatory arride Flastness, that now is not in self, De Re Imaginaria neque supposita de futura, Neither can their profound Precepts, who were known and ador'd as Patriarchs in Natures primitive Sanguinity with collatorial Adherents, with the noise of what was heretofore deliver'd, inculcate Predominancy to the Right Line of Monarchical and Episcopal Adherences. Therefore if in greater and more evident Points the Lawyer can no more be without his

To the R E A D E R.

his Fee, than the Lord Chancellour his Mace, or a Poet without Errors, (my self alone exempted) why shou'd the Judgment of a Man that is partially byass'd against the Banditti, rule the Author's opinion in his own Hemisphere, and discuss at large the Virtues of Jobson's Wife, without the Management of Hobbs his Leviathan? Why shou'd Shakespear, Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, that are no way Adequate to the profound Intellects of my present Atonement, be rank'd above the Laborious, tho' dull States-man.

-----Sed Vastum Vastior Ipse,
Sustulit Ægydes, &c. Ov. Metam.

Those several Malignant Assertions offer'd, a large and a compendious Resolution ought to be maturely responded, especially, when the Eclypse of Matrimony is subterranially trod down. As to the main Notion of Polygamy absconded under a Cirtoot of Imagination, We take it thus. Alexander was Great and Victorious in his Mediterranean Engagements of Hospitality. To the contrary Julian the Apostate recites his own Benevolencies in semi Octavo of Traditional Usury: Which plainly denotes the first Egression and the last Denotation. So that if we come to Modern Affairs, you will find that the Masq'd Middle Gallery, being by Command Superior, brought bare-fac'd to the Præ-existent Spark's construction; more amuses the Sun-shine Planet of his Scarlet Coat, than the beat of an Irish Drum to an East Indie Interloper.

To the R E A D E R

per. For what says Terence (Paucis te Volo,) which manifestly denotes the condescending temper of the Male, and the divine Aspect of the Female: Now if after so long a Concupiscential Appetite the Novelty of Weeding is to be adjudg'd Ceremonious, I leave to my Lord Chief Justice his Tipstaff to examine, and make all even between the Pope and my Lord Archbisop of Canterbury..

(a)

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. JEVON.

HOW long is't since you saw I pray,
That strange old fashion'd thing call'd a New Play.
Or how long indeed d'ye think 'twill be,
Before you tast that long'd for Novelty?
You may set your hearts at rest for this Age,
Union and Catcalls have quite spoyl'd the Stage.
Time was the Poets cou'd cock, look bigg, and cry,
Damn these saucy Players, let's all agree,
And starve the Rogues, the Times friends turn'd be,
And I am turn'd Poet, there's Farce d'ye see.
But now to my Geatheration friends, { Points to some particular
What quick return, or what concise amends. } People in the Pit.
Have you my ever honour'd ever dear,
Renowned, whistling Patrons made appear
To him that is your servant everywhere?
My Name's Mr. Jevon, I'm known far and near.
But no more words in so much Company,
Satisfaction I must have and quickly ; {
Or Gad, I'lle leave off writing directly.
Let me have a pledge of it now y'are here,
Or in your Balls you may forget I fear.
Be favourable to this same piece at hand,
And d'ye hear friends don't, shall I, shall I stand.
If I in Pocket find you dive for Catcall,
It's let down Curtain, It's tellt ye that att.
Catcalls well tun'd might do well in Opera's,
They'd serve for Hoboys to fill up a Chorus.

Or

Or in a French Love Song, observe you now,
A Cadmeus Pur Qua, Pur Qua, Meme Vou. [Sings.]

Begar Monsieur it be De pretty Whyne,
Ki La D'ance De Mineway, Oh it be very fine.

Dances you have and various here to Night,
But they are English all, all English quire.

Throughout, English Songs, Farce English too,
That's French Sence,

All Non-sence without any more adoe.

Kicksaws like this serve for a Lenten Dish,

If not for Flesh, pray let it serve for Fish.

And since Penance at this Time's in fashion,

Come three Days for Mortification.

[Dances.]

W H M O N

(a 2)

The

W H M O N

edt

The Actors Names.

MEN,

S IR Rich. Lovemore.	{ An honest Country Gentleman belov'd for good old Engl. Housekeeping.	Mr. Gryffin.
Rowland.	{ Sir Richard's two Friends.	Mr. Bowman.
Longmore.		Mr. Peryn.
Butler.		Mr. Saunders.
Cook.	{ Servants to Sir Richard.	Mr. Percyval.
Footman.		Mr. Low.
Coachm.		
The Ladies Father.	Of the old Strain : A Phanatick. [Mr. Norris.	
Noddy.	{ A Hypocritical Phanatick Parson, loves to eat and cant, Chaplain to my Lady Lovemore.	Mr. Powel.
Jobson.	{ A Psalm-singing Cobler, Tennant and Neighbour to Sir Richard.	Mr. Jevon.
Doctor.	A Magitian.	Mr. Freeman.
Nadyr.	{ Two Spirits.	
Abyssog.		
Countryman.		
Blind-Fidler.		
Footboy.		

W O M E N,

L ady Lovemore.	{ Wifeto Sir Richard. A Proud Phanatick, always canting and brawling. A Perpetual Fixen and a Shrew, (able- ocke.)	Mrs. Cook.
Jane.	{ Lady Lovemore's Maids.	Mrs. Price.
Lettice.		Mrs. Twyford.
Nell.	Jobson's Wife, a simple innocent Girl.	Mrs. Percyval.
Tennants, Servants, Dancers, Singers, Wassalers.		

The

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jobson the Cobler and Nell his Wife.

Nell. **G**OOD Husband stay with me to Night and make
an end of the Holiday at home.

Jobson. Peace, peace, and go Spin, for if I want
any Thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my
Sovereign Authority.

Nell. I warrant you: But you'll go to the Ale-house, spend your
Money, and get drunk, and come home like *Old Nick*, and use
one like a Dog.

Jobson. How now Brazen-Face do you speak ill of the *Govern-
ment*? I am King in my own House, and this is Treason against
my Majesty.

Nell. I don't understand your stuff, but prithee don't go to the
Ale-house.

B.

Jobson.

The Devil of a Wife, or,

Jobson. Well then, I will not go to the Ale-house, I have made an appointment with Sir *Richard Lovemore's* Butler, and am to be Princely drunk in Punch at the *Hall Place*; we shall have a Bowl big enough to swim in.

Nell. O Lord Husband, the new Lady they say will not suffer a Stranger to come into her House, she grudges a draught of Small Beer, and several of this Town have come Home with broken Heads from her Ladiships own hands for but smelling Strong Beer in her House.

Jobson. A Pox on her for a Fanatick Jade, she has almost distractred the good Knight, but she's abroad feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home to night, and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle and Gambals.

Nell. But her Fanatick Parson will disturb you.

Jobson. If he does we will toss the Hypocrite in a Blanket, or kick the sanctified Coxcomb to a Jelly.

Nell. O dear Husband let me go with you, wee'l be as merry as the night's long.

Jobson. Why how now you bold Bettress, what wou'd you be carried to a company of Smooth-faced, Eating, Drinking, Lazy Servingmen; Rogues whose nourishment runs all into Lechery? No, you Jade, I will be no Cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they wou'd make me welcom, you promised me I shou'd see the House: Sir *Richard* and the Family have not been there since you married and brought me to Town.

Jobson. Why thou most audacious Strumpet, darst thou Dispute with me? go home and Spin, or else my Strap will wind about thy Ribs.

*Jobson
Sings.*

*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Burthen of his Life,
But for her that will Scold and will Quarrel;
Let him cut her short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a day hoop her Barrel.*

Nell. We poor Women must be Slaves and never have any joy, but you men run and ramble and take your swing.

Jobson.

A Comical Transformation.

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Jobson. Why you most Pestilent Baggage will you be hoopt? be gone.

Nell. Well I must go.

Jobson. Here now I think of it, here's six pence for you, get Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thy self up with Lambs Wool, rejoice and revel by thy self, be drunk and wallow in thy own Sty'e like a Sow as thou art.

Jobson Sings.

He that has a Wife, &c.

[Exit Nell and Jobson.

Enter Sir Richard Lovemore's Butler, Cook, Servingmen, Chamber-maid, and other Women Servants.

Butler. I wou'd our blind Minstrel and our dancing Neighbours were here that we may rejoice a little while, our Termagant *Lady* is abroad, I have made a most *Sovereign Bowl of Punch*, and I have a good hoard of *Wine* and *March Beer*.

Jane. We had need rejoice sometimes, but our devilish new *Lady* will never suffer it when she knows it.

Butler. I will maintain it there's more mirth in a *Gally* than in our *Family*, our Master Sir *Richard* is the worthiest Gentleman, nothing but Goodness, Sweetness and Liberality.

Serv. Man. But here's a House turn'd topsie turvy, from *Heaven* to *Hell* since her coming hither.

Maid. We are all alike, none of us can scape her rage and fury.

Jane. His former *Lady* is a *Saint* in *Heaven*, and liv'd so on *Earth*, all Mildness and Gentleness.

Butler. Ay, Rest her Soul, she was, but this is inspired with a *Legion of Devils*, and one plaguy *Non-Con Parson* worse than all, that makes her lay about her like a Fury.

Jane. I'm sure I always feel her in my Bones, she has an Instrument of Correction made of Whale-bone, and for fear I shou'd forget her good usage, she refreshes my Memory every quarter of an hour: if her Complexion don't please her, or she look yellow in a morning, I'm sure to be laid on and lock black and blue for't.

Cook. Pox on her, when I carry up her Breakfast I dare not come within reach of her: I have some six broken Heads already. A *Lady*

B. 2.

quoth

quoth a ! a Shee-Bear is a civiller Animal : she has robb'd me of my Cunny-Skins, my Kitchin-Stuff, and all my Vails ; and brought a damn'd eating godly Fellow with her, that scarce will be content with five Meals a day.

Butler. None of you have been used as I have.

Jane. That's because none of us had a Spade-Beard of a Foot long.

Butler. I that have lived five and forty year in the House, and had for twenty years preserv'd a reverent Beard, which made me noted for Wisedom and Discretion through all the Countrey, and she to demolish this poor Beard in an instant.

Cook. I beseech you, by what means did she depopulate and waste your Fruitfull Chin ?

Butler. Why it was ruin'd by *Fire*, with her own cursed hands she sing'd it off ; she said it always smelt of Brewis, and was a Spunge that soak'd up more *March Beer* in a month than any six the ablest Drunkards in the Hundred cou'd in a year : I sav'd nothing but this same one Sprig that grew upon a Wart, and that by my Naile.

Jane. What pity 'twas to lose such an emblem of Gravity and Wisedome.

Butler. Ay, I am become a shame to my Neighbours and dare not show my Chin before 'em : Oh that Beard, that poor Beard, what Authority it had amongst 'em ! I had e'ne as live she had gelt me.

Serv. Man. I believe thou had'st, thy Beard was of as much use as any Implement about thee.

Jane. Methoughts he look'd like one of the old Patriarchs, in the *Arras* I have seen an old *Eastern King*, in a Mortlack hanging very much resembling his Phisnomy.

Butler. Oh Mrs. *Jane* you do my poor Beard too much honour, but farewell dear Beard, I shall never see the like of Thee.

Cook. No, a man may as well hope to have two crops of Oak Timber from the same place, as two such Beards from one Chin in an Age.

Maid. Pish, what hurt does the loss of a Beard doe ? I was making a Shift for her, and she did not like my Lacing it down ; she turns the wrong end of her Fan, strikes me on the Mouth so hard, that she beat out 2 of my Butter Teeth : A shame on her light Fingers.

Jane.

Jane. She makes the Coachman chain the Footmen to Posts, whip 'em with Dog-whips, and stands by to see the Execution.

Butler. Heaven have mercy upon my poor Master, this devilish Termagant Scolding Religious Woman will be the death of him, I never saw a man so alter'd all the days of my Life.

Cook. There's a Perpetual motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd shrill Pipe enough to break the Drum of a man's Ear, I wonder my Master does not kick her and her Parson out of doors.

Butler. Her Parson, her Weaver; I believe he never had any Orders, but an inward motion from his Stomach, which inclines him to eat more than a Wolf, and this motion is an inward Call.

Noddy, (within.) Why, Cook *John*, Cook, where art thou?

Cook. I'm here, this is his outward Call; now is he almost famisht for his second Afternoons Luncheon.

Noddy. Why, *John*, why dost thou neglect me? my Spirits are exhaled, evaporated in Study and Labour; I feel as it were a strange kind of emptifullness, I have not eat this two hours,

Butler. A Pox on him, set him fast by the Teeth or else hee'l dislurb us.

Cook. I have a couple of cold Chickens, some *Westphalia* Bacon, and *Christmas* Pyes.

Nod. For your *Christmas* Pyes I desie them, they are abominable Scandalous, and Idolatrous, they favour of *Rome*, they are so many Fortifications wherein the Whore of *Babylon* intrenches her self, I will down with them, I will beat them down, my zeal will not suffer such *Popery* in this House; ye are my Flock, I will see that that Wolf the Whore does not prey upon you and devour you: down, down I say with all her Outworks and High-places, her Superstitious and Idolatrous Structures and Buildings, whether in Minc'd Pyes or otherwise: Your *Christmas* is an Idol, a very Idol truly, have I not seen him in a Profane Mask, in the Habit of an old Man with a long Spade-beard, and the deluded Rout have worshipped and fallen down before him? your Bagpipes are as Pagan Organs, and your Wassalers lewd and filthy Choristers unto *Satan*, I may not bear these Rags of the Smock of that Scarlet Whore, my Spirit rises, my Zeal boileth and bubbleth up as it were within me, I am transported with a holy Fury: But do you hear *John* Cook send up those Chickens.

Cook. What both?

Noddy.

Noddy. Yea both with some *Westphalia Bacon*, and do you hear, *John?* a *Tart*; and you *Mr. Chipp* let me have a *Bottle of Sack*, a *Bottle of Ale* and a *Bottle of March Beer*, by help of this refreshment I shall be able to hold out till *Supper*. Fare ye well till that time.

[*Ex. with Cook and Butler.*]

Jane. What shall we do with this base sniveling Hypocrite? he'll spoil our merry meeting.

Serv. Man. 'Ill warrant you 'tis but putting out the Candles and we'll make him weary of his Canting, when e're he comes among us.

Re-Enter Butler and Cook.

Butler. So his Provision's gone up.

Cook. He's fast by the teeth for one hour.

Enter the Blind Fidler, Jobson and others, Men and Women, and Neighbours.

Butler. O welcome, welcome, here's to our wish, the Minstrel and our Neighbour! Oh old *Acquaintance*, *Goodman Jobson*, how dost thou?

Jobson. By my troth I am sharp set towards the Punch, and am now come with a firm Resolution though a Poor Cobler to be as drunk as a Lord, I am a true English heart, and look upon Drunkenness as the best part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Jane. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Jobson. Because here are Waggs, young Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

Butler. *Jobson* we'll have a Catch, strike up *Blind Will*: Ah *Jobson* I have heard thee outsing the *Lark* or *Nightingal*, thou art heard above all the Church, let there be never so many *Voices*, thine will still be predominant.

Cook. Ay, and he holds out the Note of one Verse till the Clark begins to sing the next, he has a pure Wind.

Jobson. Ay I'm pretty good at a Psalm, I have some reason for it, I have stich'd Soles this thirty years to those Psalms you speake of.

Butler.

A Comical Transformation.

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Butler. Come, let us fetch out our Bowl of Punch in solemn Procession. Now let us have a Catch in honour of Punch.

They bring out the Bowl of Punch singing a Catch, and dancing about it, after which they sit down and drink.

I.

While you Court a damn'd Vintner for such nasty Liquor,
As worse was ne're swallow'd by dull Countrey Vicar,
And the insolent Rascal will draw what he pleases,
While Boys you may kick 'em when Masters y'intreat 'em,
And from Drawers you up into Aldermen beat 'em ;
But they get your Money and you get Diseases.

II.

Stumme Brimstone, Lime, Arsnick, fond Drunkards bewitch,
While the villainous Host not content to be rich,
By Brewing and Poyson sells that by false measure,
No Liquor like Punch gives delight to the Soul,
When we drown all our Cares ith' bottom 'oth' Bowl,
Sincere are our Joys and immortal our pleasure.

III.

We brew for our selves and we know each ingredient,
As well for our health as our mirth is expedient,
And who ever drinks Punch shall live merry and long,
It spurs up Jade mature and quickens the blood,
Which if it finds bad it ne're fails to leave good ;
And while we drink Punch we shall ever be young.

Cook. And after that I'll bring up the Rear with a swinging Turkey-pye, and a mighty Gammon, besides much Pyes and other Appurtenances belonging to our Office.

Butler. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper. *Huzzah.*

Cook. Our Ladies Confusion in another. *Huzzah.*

Enter

Enter Noddy, knawing the Legg of a Chicken.

Noddy. What meaneth this Lewd, Profane, and Babylonish noise, ye Popish Locusts, ye Idolatrous Vipers, this sanctified Place is become a Denn of Wicked ones. Thou Blind misleader of the blind, with thy Lewd Anti-Christian Squeaks, avant, avant, I say *Belzebub*, avant.

{He kicks and beats the blind Fidler. They put out the Candles and toss Noddy one from another and beat him.

Hold, hold, what do ye mean?

Ye Sons of Darkness. I defy you,

I can suffer for the truth, I am a witness.

Butler. Blind him and gag him.

Cook. Bind him hand and foot.

Noddy. I will flee away from farther *Persecution*, *Vipers* my *Lady* will come, she will to your *Confusion*.

Serv. Man. And as you like this do you come again.

Butler. A Pox on him; to our Business now he is gone. The King and all the Royal Family in a Bumper. *Huzzah*.

[Noddy steals out, they light the Candles.

Cook. Are you ready for your *Collation*?

Jane. No, no, we'll have a bout at *Blindmans-buff* and a *Dance* first.

Jobson. Ay, ay, come I'm old Dogg at that, blind me, perhaps I'm as great a Master at *Blindmans-Buff* as any one in *Europe*, no dispraise to any man.

[They blind him and dance a dance.

Enter Sir Richard Lovemore and my *Lady*.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! what's here within my House! is Hell broke loose! what Troops of Friends is here, sirra you impudent Rascal?

Sir Richard. My dear be patient 'tis *Christmas*, a time of Mirth, of Jollity, it has always been the Custome of my House to give my Servants Liberty in this Season, and all my Country Neighbours.

hours used to meet, and with their innocent Sports divert themselves.

Lady. Prithee hold thy prating, meddle with your own matters, can't I tell how to govern my own house without your putting in an Oar? shall I ask you leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir Richard. Good *Lady*, I thought this had been my House, and those my Servants, and those my Tennants.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abused, and snub'd before my Servants, do you call my Authority in Question you inhumane *Monster*? Look you to your Doggs, your Kites and filthy Cattel, your Faulconers, Huntsmen, and your nasty Grooms abroad, I'll make you know 'tis my *Province* to govern here, nor will I be controul'd by e're a Hunting, Hauking, unthinking Knight in *Christendome*.

Sir Richard. A Pox upon all Fools that shall marry for money, I am married to a continual Tempest, Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisie are the daily Portion I have with her; but I'll not bear this long, if I by force oppose her, she falls into fits, and raves worse than any one *Bedlam*.

Lady. You stinking Scoundrels, and you filthy Jades, I'll teach you to Junkit thus and steal my *Provision*, I shall be devoured by you.

Butler. I thought *Madam* we might be merry once upon a *Holyday*.

Lady. *Holyday*, you Popish *Curr*, is one Day more *Holy* than another? and if it be you'l be drunk upon't, you Rogue, that by your late Demolish'd Beard, thought your self an *Example* to the Family, is this your *Example*?

[She beats him o're the Head.

Come you Minx, you impudent Flurt are you gigging after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish, Hulwite.

[Jane is sneaking to get away, she catches her and lugs her.

Jane. O Murder, murder, she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir Richard. *Madam*, for shame, remember your Sex and Quality.

Lady. Remember your own fools head, shall you instruct me?

Enter Noddy.

Noddy. *Madam*, I rejoice that your *Ladyship* is return'd.

Lady. Oh good and holy man, how came my Family in my absence thus Debauch'd, Drunken, Profane and Superstitious?

Noddy. When my Ears were first offended with these Lewd Noises, I came down grieved in Spirit, and rebuked them, commanding them to surcease from these Superstitious and Idolatrous Rites, which they Sacrifice to that Idol, that beastly Idol, old Father *Christmas*, and while my Spirit was full of *Godly Chastisement*, they did extinguish the Lights, surrounded and hemm'd me in, and these Instruments of *Satan* did buffet me even unto great anguish, and I am sore bruised in *Body*.

Lady. Alack good man! Oh ye Spawn of *Belial* the Fry of the bottomless Pitt, how now sirtah, who, are you in the Bumble you Buzzard?

[To Jobson.

{She takes the Parson's Cane and beats all the Company, Jobson is stealing by.

Jobson. I am an honest Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyship wou'd go to Church, you wou'd hear me above 'em all there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice now.

[She strikes him o're the Pate.

Jobson. Nounz what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O Profane Wretch, wicked Varlet.

Noddy. Thou Son of the old *Serpent*, avant thou Frog of the Lake of Darkness.

Jobson. Avant thou Coxcombly Son of a Whore of the new Light.

Noddy. Be gone, Avant, Be gone from within these Walls.

[They jostle one another.

Jobson. What will you wrestle a Fall with me? Come on. Take that Lusty Lug you Rogue of a Saint, with a pound of Ear of each side.

{Jobson gives Noddy a Fall, and lugs him by the Ears.

Lady. Impudent Villain, has he not hurt the Good man?

Noddy. He hath very much disorder'd my two Ears, and bruised me exceedingly.

Sir Richard. You deserve it for a meddling Coxcomb, go to your Book you ignorant Fop and reade, and rely more upon good Sense, and less upon your new Light.

Lady.

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Lady. Oh wicked vile wretch, was ever poor Lady so miserable so horribly miserable in a Brute to her Husband as I am, I that am so Pious, so Good and Religious a Woman?

Noddy. She is an holy, a sanctified Vessel truly.

[Jobson peeps in and sings.

Jobson *He that has the best Wife,*
Sings. *She's the Burthen of, &c.*
 And some ten times a day hoop her Barrel.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain.

Sir Richard. Remember Modesty.

Lady. Are you gone, Sirrah? I'll rout the rest of you: I'll spoil your squeaking Trebble.

*She lays about her, they all run, she breaks the blind
Fidler's Fiddle about his Head.*

Fidler. O Murder, murder, I am a dark man, which way shall I get hence? Oh Heaven! She has broken my Fiddle, and undone me, my Wife and Children.

Sir Richard. Here Poor Fellow come this way, take your Staff, there, there's money to buy two such Fiddles; go, there's your way.

Fidler. Heaven preserve your Worship, bless you sweet Master, here's a Change indeed, little did I think to live to find such Doings at this Hall-Place.

[Exit Fidler.

Two Wassalers come to the Door singing a Wassal Song.

Lady. You are very Liberal, must my Estate maintain you in your Profusion?

Sir Richard. Go up to your Closet, Pray and compose your mind.

Lady. Oh wicked Fellow to bid me pray.

Sir Richard. A Man cannot be compleatly curs'd without a Wedding, but there is such a thing as separate maintenance and a Joynter-House, which she to morrow shall try, by the help of Heaven, I will no longer bear this nuisance in my House. Here, where

are my Servants, what must they be frightened from me? within there, *Chipp*, come hcre and see who knocks there.

[*A knocking at the Door.*

Lady. Within there, where are my Sluts, ye Drabs, ye Queans: Lights there.

[*Enter Boy with Candle.*]

[*Two Maids come sneaking in with Candles.*

Enter Butler again.

Butler. Sir it is a Doctour that lives ten mile off with his man, he practises Physick, and is an Astronomer and a Cunning-man, your Worship knows him, he can make Almanacks, and help men to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor and his Man.

Doctor. Sir I am benighted, 'tis fo dark I cannot see my hand, I cannot possibly reach home, and therefore knowing the Bounty of your Worships Hospitality, I desire the favour to be harbour'd under your Roof this night.

Lady. Out of my house you lewd *Conjurer*, you *Witch*, you *Magician*.

Noddy. Avant thou Instrument of *Satan*, I desie thee and all thy Works, thou wicked Sorcerer avant.

Lady. If you stay in my house, you shall be worse used here, than your Predecessour Dr. *Lamb* was in the City.

Doctor. Here's a turn, here's a change, which if I have any Art she shall smart for.

Sir Richard. You see Friend the Case is alter'd with me, I am not Master of my House, but e're to morrow this time I'll be Monarch here: go down the Lane friend, and about half a Quarter of a mile off, you'll see a Coblers house, stay there some little time, and I'll send my Man that shall conduct you to a Tennants house, who shall take care of you.

Doctor. Thanks good Sir, I'm your humble Servant, but you *Noncon* with your furious She Disciple there, shall have some proofs of my Magick Art this Night. [Ex. Dr. and his Man.

Sir Richard. Come Lady you and I must have some Conference.

Lady.

Lady. Yes I will have Conference and Reformation too in this house, or else I'll turn thee inside outwards.

[Ex. Sir Richard and Lady.

Noddy. My mind misgiveth me, these *Varlets* have left some good thing in the Bowl there, but hold, is it not a *Wassailing* Superstitious Spice-Bowl, let me see, hah! it is very comfortable and edifieth, there's a huge Island of Tost, Nutmeg and Sugar, I will attack it, -it is Clearing, I have a Paper with some Parmazan in my Pocker, which will eat very well with it, this is also a pleasing Liquor, I will drink plentifully of it and eat Tost exceedingly: ah my Spirits are cheared as it were, and are excited unto Joy and Gladness.

Enter Butler and Cook.

Cook. Oh that sweet tooth'd Lickerish Hypocrite who is always eating, and looks as if he had never eaten.

Butler. His meat does himself no more good than his Doctrine does others, stand close, you'll see him devour that Punch-Tost, he'll never be contented without all in the Bowl.

Cook. It will disguise him most wickedly, and make him as drunk as one of the Profane.

Noddy. It doth begin to invade my upper Region, my *Pericranium* doth seem to be somewhat inclined unto Giddiness, hah the Room appeareth to turn round.

[He hekops, belches and sneezes, and is drunk.

Butler. He is overtaken.

Cook. 'Tis a very seasonable time, I'm just going to knock to Supper, and my Lady won't eat without his Grace.

Butler. Go quickly, he's in a sweet Pickle for a Grace of a quarter of an hour long as he used to make 'em.

[The Cook knocks to supper within, it goes up.

Noddy. Where am I? am I in the Buttery or my own Closet, a most excellent Spice I'll promise you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Where are you Mr. Noddy? Supper is on the Table, and my Lady stays for your Grace.

Noddy.

Noddy. Is it Supper time say you, now I think of it I begin to be hungry.

Butler. Pray Sir make hast my Lady stays for you?

Noddy. What is the matter with me? I think my Feet are asleep, I cannot use them, my Eyes are somewhat dim too, which is the way?

Butler. Ay the Rogue hears my Master intends to turn over a new Leaf, and he has a mind to wind about, but this shan't serve his turn, he's a *Fanatick* Rogue still.

[*Noddy staggers, they lead him out.*

[*Ex. omnes.*

Scene the Cobler's House. Nell, the Dr. and his Man.

Nell. Pray Sir mend your Draught if you please, you are very welcome Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily good Woman, come I'll give you some requital, I'll tell you your fortune?

Nell. Oh! Pray do Sir, I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face?

Nell. I'm afraid 'tis none of the cleanest Sir, I have been about dirty work Sir all this day.

Doct. Come, 'tis a good Face be not ashame'd of it, you shall show it in greater Places suddenly.

Nell. Oh dear, I Sir? I shall be ashame'd mighty, I want Da-
city when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You must be confident I charge you, and fear nothing, there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me, this is a rare man Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To morrow before Sun Rise you shall be the happiest Woman in this County.

Nell. How, by to morrow? Alack a day, how can this be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a Surly Husband, that shall Rail, call you names and strap you.

Nell. Lord how came he to know that? he has a Familiar: indeed my Husband is somewhat rugged, and in his Cupps will beat me but it is not much, He's an honest painfull Man and I let him have his way, pray Sir take the tother Cup of Ale.

Doctor.

Doctor. Thank you, to-morrow you shall be the richest Woman in the Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father now you jeer me.

Doctor. By *Heaven* I do not, but mark my words, be confident and bear all out, or worse will follow..

Enter Jobson:

Jobson. Where is this *Queane*, here *Nell*, what a Pox are you drunk with your Lambs-wool?

Nell. Oh Husband ! here's the rarest man, he has told me my Fortune.

Jobson. Pox on you, and has planted my Fortune too, a Lusty pair of horns upon my head, has he?

Doctor. Thy Wife's a virtuous Woman; and thou'l be happy.

Jobson. Come out ye hang Doggs, ye Juglers, ye cheating Vil-
lays, must I be Cuckolded by such Rogues as you are, *Mackma-*
ticians and *Almnack-makers* ?

Nell. Prithee peace Husband, we shall berich, and have a Coach
of our own.

Jobson. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheele-Barrow you Jade, by 'th
mackin She's drunk, bloody drunk, get you to bed you Strumpet.

[He beats her.]

Nell. Oh mercy on us, is this a taste of my good Fortune?

Doctor. You had better not have touch'd her you surly Rogue.

Jobson. Out of my House you Rogues, or I'll run my Nall up to the handle in your Buttocks?

Doctor. Farewell you Paltry Slave?

Jobson. Get you out you Rogues?

[Scene changes to the open Country.]

[She shuts the door and goes in.]

Doctor. What? Hoh my Spirits, *Nadir* and *Abishag*, hoh!

Enter Nadir and Abishog flying down.

OF PLANNING AND DESIGN FOR THE COMMERCIAL MARKET

Nadir. { Here, we're here.

Abishag. 5.

Doctor.

Doctor. Præsto, all my Charms attend :
 'Ere this Night shall have an End,
 You shall this Cobler's Wife transform,
 And to the Knights the like perform ;
 This bed the Cobler's Wife I'll charm,
 The Knight's into the Cobler's Arm ;
 Let the Delusion be so strong,
 That none shall know the Right from wrong.
 The Non-con Parson so affright,
 That he may ever Rue this Night ;
 Scare him from his Little Wits,
 And his Hypocritick Fits.

Nadir. { All this, this Night we will perform,
 Abishog. } In a Whirl-wind, in a Storm.
 In Lightning and in Thunder

Doctor. { fly,
 And muster all the Clouds i'th Sky ;
 Attend me till the Dawn of Day,
 And then you may go sport and play.

Hold, here comes Sir Richard's Man : he'll guide us to our Lodging, let us meet him to Horse. [Ex. omnes.

Scene Sir Richard's House, the Dining Room, Sir Richard, Mr. Rowland, Mr. Longmore.

Sir Richard. Well my dear Friends, though you have found my House in some disorder, I cannot but rejoice to see you, the sight of Friends will lighten great afflictions.

Rowl. Some years have past, since we have been merry together.

Long. We have not met these five years: Marriage, Travel, Business, and your Retirement, Sir Richard, have thus separated us.

Sir Richard. Us that for several years, of pleasant Frolique Youth were ne're asunder.

Rowl. I call methinks a pleasant Season back, here's a brimmer to our old Acquaintance.

Sir Richard. About with it.

Long.

Long. But now 'tis late, we keep you out of Bed from your new Wife.

Sir Richard. A Wife! Oh Friends take warning, marry not, I say, do not marry.

Rowl. Why? you have a handsome Lady and a rich one.

Sir Richard. Oh Gentlemen, I would be glad to have the Witch of *Endor*, were she alive instead of her; I am link'd to an Amazonian Devil, such a *Thalestris*, such a perpetual Fixen, and a Shrew, such a Tongue, that 'twould be a Blessing to be lodged in *London*, with a Silver-Smith under me, a Brazier over head, a Trunk-maker and a Peuterer on either side of me, and all of 'em Industrious Rogues to boot; a Blessing I say in Comparison of her continual Clamour, all those Noises in consort are soft and gentle Harmony to her one single Voice.

Long. Methought she looked somewhat proudly, her Countenance between Scorn and Anger.

Sir Richard. She wish'd crooked Pins in every bit of meat you eat, and Poyson in every Glass of Wine you swallow'd.

Rowl. Say you so, 'tis time for us to leave you then.

Sir Richard. No, fear not, this Night is the last of her short Reign, I have sent for her Father to dine with me to morrow, and after dinner I will pack her away with her separate maintenance, and then we'll spend the *Christmas* in Freedom, Mirth and Jollity, and I am overjoy'd you are here to be Witnesses of my Proceedings.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Sir, my Lady commanded me to tell you, She'll rout you and your Lewd Companions, if you come not away presently, I hope you'll pardon me. [Ex. Jane.

Sir Richard. Tell her I come, I am sent for. But here's the other Brimmer to my Deliverance.

Long. Away with it, Sir Richard, you know not what you say. Sir Richard, I lay my whole misfortune now before you, I have not only married an Indefatigable Scold, but a Phanatick into bargain; nay, I have married her *Chaplain* too, who was, I take a Weaver, and ordain'd himself by virtue of outward *Grace* and inward *Knavery*, have a care, I warrant you not a *Bigot* or *Zealous* Wo-

Woman, for be she never so wicked, she will be always so full of spiritual *Pride*, She'll think you a Limb of *Satan*.

Rowl. 'Tis a just observation.

Long. And for a *Chaplain*, I would as soon have a *Ruffian* in my House, for he must Govern or the Wife will Rage.

Sir Richard. Right, Then, my Friends, I conjure ye have a care of separate maintenance, a dam'd invention to make Whores and cursed Wives as bad, I wou'd not marry the Queen of *Sheba* were she alive, upon those Conditions.

Rowl. All this daily Experience tells us.

Sir Richard. A Curse of an Owle that must try and would not trust Experience ; but at his own cost another Point is, for I am bound in Charity to warn you, have a care of an ill born or ill bred Woman, there is as much in the Straine, as in *Horses* or *Doggs*, we all take after our kind.

Long. You are in the Right of it, I have not heard a better *Preaching*.

Sir Richard. And for breeding, though almost all Women are Fools, yet those that are well bred, by the help of that will behave themselves with some *Discretion* and Good manners at least, and now in what a Case am I, that am under all these Curses which I warn you from : how irksome must it be to me, who with my first dear Wife, that St. in *Heaven*, had all the happiness that man on Earth was capable of?

Rowl. 'Tis hard, but like to be as short.

Sir Richard. One more to the memory of my former Wife, a Brimmer to help to dround my sorrow for this.

Long. Let it go round : we knew her.

Rowl. She deserv'd all honour.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Now shame upon you and your filthy Companions, I'll make your Glasses and your Bottles fly, and that Lewd Minister of your *Debauchery*, your *Butler* I'll trout him, for not bringing me the Key of the *Cellar* a Rascal.

Sir Richard Whistles.

Enter Servants.

Rowl. Your Pardon, we are going.

Lady.

A Comical Transformation.

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Lady. Going? yes, to make one another drunk and sott all Night about it, ye may be ashamed ye Beasts, why do I call you Beasts, Beasts, I scorn to be drunk like you.

Sir Richard. This Gentlemen is my sweet Lady.

Lady. Gentlemen! your fellow Sotts, your guzling Drunkards, get you to bed ye Spunges?

Sir Richard. Light the Gentlemen, your Fires are ready, you see I am under Correction sweet Princess.

*If you in one, would summe up every Curse,
Take such a Spouse for better and for worse.*

The End of the first Act.

ACT the SECOND.

Butler, Cook, Servingman. Disguis'd.

Butler. **W**E E have had a hard Tug to give these Gentle-
men's men their Belly's full.

Cook. But at last we have left 'em quickly up to
some Tune.

Serv. Man. I am Bouzy and right for mischief; let's execute our
design upon Non-con.

Butler. Have at him, are your Jack-chanes and humming Tops
ready?

Serv. Man. They are, I have 'em here, he must be drunk with
a Pox to him, and cou'd not say Grace.

Butler. A Curse on him, he stagger'd against my Side-Table,
and brake twenty shillings worth of flint Glasses. And though we
all deposed against his Drunkenness, our Pious Lady call'd us per-
jur'd Rogues, and said he had eaten some thing that did not agree
with him.

Serv. Man. And when we cou'd not get him to himself, my
Lady said it was an *Apoplexy*.

Cook. Ay, and made me heat a Frying-Pan red hot, to hold o-
ver his Pate; from which she had made the hair be shav'd off.

Serv. Man. Nay She has employ'd all her skill in Physick upon him,
She has laid a huge Caustick-Plaister between his Neck and Shoul-
ders to raise blisters, which will make him roar before morning.

Cook. His Head's all raw with the singeing, if he had not begun
to roar, I believe She would have Carbonado'd him, for his *Ap-
oplestic* Drunkenness.

Butler. What Sport it will be when he wakes! he'll wonder
what the Devil they have done to him, he'll be plauguy sore.

Cook. Now he has almost slept out his first sleep, he'll wake half
sober, devilish sick, and in paine, and 'twill be a fit time to begin
our Persecution upon him.

Butler.

Butler. I am afraid we shall make him distracted with the Fright.

Cook. If we make him mad he may get some wit by the bargain, he's now so dull a Rogue that any alteration wou'd be for the best.

Butler. Come put on the shapes.

Serv. Man. Here, the Dogs will fit me, *John Cook* shall be the Bear, and you shall represent great *Belzebub* himself.

Butler. Agreed, hang on your Chains, list how the Rogue snorts like a Sackbut, let's withdraw into our Tiring-Room, and then Enter.

*The Scene opens and discovers Noddy in Bed,
and they Enter.*

Noddy. Mr. *Chip*, why *Butler Chip*, I say some small Beer, give me an Ocean of small Beer, I will swim in small Beer.

Butler. He's between sleeping and waking, now to our Work.

Noddy. Mercy on me where have I been? I am all on Fire, and my head all burnt, is the Bed or the Room on Fire? fire, fire, fire, hah Heaven what Noise is that! hah it is *Satan* verily, what *Fiends* are those in Chains? Oh *Faith, Faith!* where art thou? I am frail, frail, even as one of the wicked. Oh! mercy, mercy, how, I dissolve, who are ye, in the Name of Heaven? speak, what will they do? will they fetch me from hence? Oh *Satan!* sweet *Satan*, dear *Satan*, spare me, thou mistakest me, tempt me not, I am not *Righteous*, I am wicked, yea even as one of the Profane.

I am an Hypocrite truly, a zealous Hypocrite verily: Oh spare me, oh! oh! sweet *Satan*, dear *Satan* spare me. [He holds 'em with all his strength and roars.]

[They cease a while.]

Butler. This is enough in the dark, now let him behold ye?

Noddy. Oh, oh, I conceive there is a Light now in the Room, let me see if I dare open my Eyes: Oh Heaven what *Fiend* is this comes to me? it is like a Dog, oh! oh! I conjure thee, *Fiend!* say what thou art; in the Name of Heaven, if thou beest a Dog speak, oh, oh, what's here a Bear? avant, avant, O Good *Satan* forbear, oh! what's

He brings in a Light.

The Serving Man in his Dogs shape creeps to the Bed.

here

here the Chief Devil! I dare not see any more, oh sweet *Belzebub*,
spare me, mercy good *Satan*.

{ *The Cook lyes down on the Bed like a Beare, Noddy*
 { *roares yet lowder, and shrinks under the Clothes and*
 { *speaks.*

Butler. Art thou a true fear'd *Hypocrite*?

Noddy. Yea I am, I am.

Butler. Falsely zealous, and truly seditious?

Noddy. Oh, oh, I, I am Sir.

Butler. Most immoderately given to thy *Gut*?

Noddy. Yes, yes, my great delight is in *Creature comforts*.

Butler. The chief motive to thy *Zeal*, those *Creature comforts*,
thou get'st by thy *Hypocrofie*.

Noddy. Oh, oh! yes verily.

Butler. By this thou hast committed *Carnality* with Elders
Wives and Daughters; and hast been much given to *Concupiscence*.

Noddy. 'Tis true, most exceedingly.

Butler. You use not *Copulation* with the wicked, for fear of
Scandal?

Noddy. No, I engender onely with the *Righteous*: Good Sir,
have done, I am half dissolv'd.

Butler. By this thou get'st thy self made *Executor* and *Trustee*.

Noddy. Oh yes, it is the chief end of my Profession to prey on
Orphans.

Butler. Oh Rogue! ha what a dreadfull *Thunder-Clap* was that.

[*It Thunders and Lightens.*

Serv. Man. What a storm is this arising?

[*Serv. and Cook come from the Bed.*

Cook. Gods body what a Clap was there, it shook the House.

Serv. Man. Come let us be gone, we have tormented him e-
nough.

Cook. No, no, this storm will help us better to affright him.

Butler. The Rogue shall no longer rail at auricular *Confession*,
who, has confessed as he thinks to the Devil.

{ *Nadir rises with a great Thunder-Clap and Appear-*
 { *eth to them.*

Noddy. Oh! I am almost dead, sure the *Fiends* are gone, and
have carried this end of the Building with them at that last Clap.

[*He is preparing some Toads on a plate.*

Butler.

Butler. Come, come, 'tother bout.

Nadir. Ay, come, come.

[Nadir Rises.]

Cook. Hah Tom! what's this? we are four now.

Serv. Man. Why Ned? we were but three, ha! one, two, three, four?

Butler. Ha John! what's the meaning of this? who is this?

Cook. Nay, what a Pox know I? I am sure we were but three, we are increased one in Number.

Ser. Foh, what a stink of Brimstone's here.

{ The Spirit is placing a Toad upon a plate, the
Spirit goes to Noddy, he eats a Toad, and on his
Fork presents Noddy with another.

Butler. Let me see, what is he a doing?

Noddy. There is silence, now let me peep out. Oh Heaven!

Nadir. Here Parson eat this Toad, here will you eat this Toad?

Butler. Oh Heaven what's this! my Hair begins to stand on End.

Nadir. Eat this Toad I say.

Noddy. Oh, no good Satan, I hate a Toad, it is too like Fish, and I cou'd never endure Fish, because the Papists eat so much.

Nadir. Who will eat a Toad?

{ Nadir turns him to the Company, and Fire flashes
about him.

Butler.

Cook.

Serv. Man.

Oh the Devil, the Devil, oh! oh!

{ They run roaring out, and Noddy roars, the
Scene shuts upon the Bed.

Cook, Butler, Serv. Man Re-enter.

Butler. Help, help.

Cook. The Devil, the Devil.

Serv. Man. If ever I fright any Body again, may I suffer the
Strappado.

*Enter Sir Richard with a Candle and his
Sword drawn.*

Sir Richard. What noises are these? here are Thieves in my House; what, ho where are my Servants?

Butler.

Butler. Here Sir, we are got up, there have been most horrible Disturbances in the Parson's Chamber, he roars like a furious Bull with the Dogs about him, listen.

Noddy. The Devil, the Devil: Murder, help, help.

Sir Richard. Hang him the Rogue's drunk still, is it he that has disturb'd the House?

Noddy comes running in roaring with a Blanket about him.

Noddy. Oh the Devil, the Devil, avoid thou Tempter.

Enter hastily Rowland and Longmore, with their Swords drawn with a light.

Rowl. What is the matter here?

Long. Oh Sir *Richard*, we have been so disturb'd with Noises, we thought some Rogues had got into your House, and were committing a Robbery.

Sir Richard. It's nothing but a Drunken Zealot, that has been troublesome in his Cupps, and he has disturb'd the Houle.

Noddy. Drunk! I defy thee and all thy works.

Long. Ha, what Apparition is that?

Butler. Apparition, where, where?

Sir Richard. I shall soon make your Apparition vanish.

Noddy. I have seen a Vision this Night.

Sir Richard. What of Malt and Hops, Punch and Stratsbury Brandy, or a Fools-head in a Looking-glass? take him and lock him into his Chambers.

Noddy. Oh for Heaven's sake! 'tis haunted with Devils, I have been tormented all Night: They have laid a Plaister of melted Brimstone upon my Shoulders, and stigged my Head with sulphurous Flames, yoh the Devil, the Devil! I have it well now.

[They hurry him off, and lock him up.]

Sir Richard. You shall disturb the House no more to Night: Gentlemen, I am sorry that this Phanatick Preacher shoud disturb you, he was drunk last Night and fancies he's haunted with Devils, he's nothing but frighted with the Thunder and Lightning at this time of the Winter.

Rowl

Rowl. Which has been the strangest I ever heard, I thought the House had fallen down, or at least part of it.

Long. Such Thunder in this Winter Season is prodigious, methinks it shou'd fright the Women out of their Wits.

Sir Richard. I cou'd not wake my sweet Lady, She lay as if She were dead, I believe it is her property to be silent in a Storm, and ever tempestuous in a Calm.

Sir Richard. See what's a Clock by the Pendulum.

[Ex. *Serv.* and re-enters.]

Serv. 'Tis within less than half an hour of five.

Rowl. 'Tis almost time to think of hunting: you told us we should see your Harriers run.

Sir Richard. Let's to our Chambers and rest an hour or two; we have Game just by.

Long. With all our Hearts.

Sir Richard. Bid the Grooms be ready, Butler, Do you call us; and Cook be ready with a Breakfast, come Gentlemen our way is the same.

[Ex. omnes.]

Enter Nadir and Abishog.

Nadir. Well met, 'tis time we now be gone,
Already all our Work is done;
The Transformation's wrought so sure,
The Doctour's time it shall endure.
The Lady's in the Cobler's Hutt,
The Cobler's Wife to'th Knight is put;
And we defie the sharpest Sight,
E're to distinguish which is Right.

[They sink down.]

*Scene the Cobler's House, Jobson in his
Stall, his Bed in sight of it.*

Jobson. What has the Devil been abroad to Night? I never heard such Thunder-Claps and such a Storm, I thought my little House wou'd have flown away. But now all is clear, and 'tis a fine Starlight Morning. Come I'll to work: Winters Thunder is Summers wonder.

In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell,
 As Chaucer he did write ;
 Who wantonly did spend her Days
 In many a fond Delight.
 Upon a time sore Sick she was,
 And at the length did Dye :
 Her Soul at last at Heavens Gate
 Did knock most mightily.

Then down came Adam to the Gate,
 Who knocketh there quoth he ?
 I am the Wife of Bath she said,
 Who fain wou'd come to thee.
 Thou art a Sinner Adam said,
 And here no place can't have :
 Alack for you good Sir she said,
 Go Gipp you doating Knave.

Lady. How now? what impudent Ballad-singing Rogue's that,
 that dare wake me out of my sleep ? I'll have thee flead thou
 Rascall.

Jobson. Why ? what a Pox, does this Jade talk in her sleep, or is
 she drunk still.

[He sings on.

I will come in in spite, she said,
 Of all such Churls as thee :
 Thou art the cause of all our Pain,
 Our Woe and Misery.

Thou

*Thou first brokest the Commandements,
In pleasure of thy Wife.*

*When Adam heard her tell this Tale,
He ran away for Life.*

Lady. Why Villain, Rascall, Screech-Owle; a worse Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a great Wind. Herewhere are my Servants? come and hamstring the Rogue. [She knocks.

Jobson. Why, how now you saucy Jade, you confounded Quean, you must be drunk with Conjurers, you shall have mony for Lambs-wool, you whoreson Drab.

Lady. Death! what Dog is this? where's my Bell? I can't find it to ring, where's my Servants? I'll toss the Dog in a Blanket.

Jobson. She is asleep sure, and all this is a Dream; the Conjuror told her she shou'd keep a Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equi-
page, ha! ha! [He sings on.

Lady. Why Husband, Sir *Richard* do you hear this Insolence?

Jobson. Husband! Sir *Richard*! what a Pox has she Knighted me? my Name is *Zekel* too, here's a jest indeed!

Lady. Hah he's gone, he's not i'th Bed, Oh Heaven! where am I? foh, what favour is this in my Nostrils! here are stinking Leather Breeches, and a Lether Apron, here are Canvas Sheets and filthy ragged Curtins, a Beastly Rug and Flock-Bed: am I awake? or is all this Dream? what Rogue is that? Sirrah! where am I? who brought me hither? Rogue! what Rascall are you?

Jobson. This is most amazing, I never heard such words from her, to God save me, if I take my strap, I'll make you know your Husband, and teach you a little better manners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing impudence! you my Husband! I'll have you hang'd you Rogue, I'm a Lady sirrah, let me know who gave me a sleeping Potion, and convey'd me hither.

Jobson. A Sleeping Potion, a Pox on you, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Potion, has not your Lambs-wool done working yet?

Lady.

Lady. Where am I? where has my damn'd villainous Husband put me? why, *Jane, Lettis*, where are my Queans?

Jobson. Ha, ha, ha, what does she call her Maids? the Conjurers have not onely made her drunk, but mad too.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers, sure I am bewitch'd, ha! what Cloaths are here? here's a Linsey-woolsey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, and a Red-Bays Petticoat, and Shoes with Hobnails, I'm remov'd out of my own House by Witchcraft, what shall I do, or what will become of me?

Jobson. Heark the Hunters and the merry Horns abroad, why *Nell* you lazy Jade! 'tis Break of Day, come to work, come, come and spin you Drab, or I'll swinge your lazy Hide for you; Pox on you must I be working two hours before you in a Morning?

Lady. Why Sirrah, you impudent Villain, do you know me?

Jobson. Know you, yes, and will make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *Richard Lovemore's* Lady, how came I here?

Jobson. Sir *Richard Lovemore's* Lady, no not so bad yet, She's a damn'd stingy Phanatick Whore; and plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curses her.

[She flings Bed-staffs and Lumber at his Head.

Lady. Nay then I'll hold no longer, you Rogue, you insolent Villain have at you.

Jobson. This is more than e're I saw by her, She's mad sure, I never had an ill word from her before, come Strap I'll try your mettle; I'll fetch you out of your Drunken Fitts you maukin, come, come on Huswife.

[He straps her, she flys at his throat, they fight.

Lady. Oh murder, murder! I'll pull your throat out, I'll tear your Eyes out, I'm a Lady sirrah, Sir *Richard Lovemore* will hang you for this.

[They fight and she crys out.

Enter a Countryman.

Countryman. Why Neighbour *Jobson*, what is the matter? I was going to fodder my Cattle, and hear murder cry'd here.

Lady. Oh Fellow, do you know Sir *Richard Lovemore*?

Countrym. Ay marry do I well enough, he's my Landlord, he's as honest a Gentleman as any is in fourty mile o' his head.

Jobson.

Jobson. Prithee Neighbour don't mind her, She was drunk yesterday with Conjurers, She's mad still, and I can't get her up to her Spinning-work.

Lady. Oh help me, I'm Sir *Richard Lovemore*'s Lad'y, convey'd hither I know not how, to be tormented and lamed by this outragious Villain.

Jobson. Did not I tell you she was mad, come out you Jade, I'll fetch you to your Spindle.

Countrym. Hold you Neighbour, this is a pretty Whirlegig? I know my Lady right well and Goody *Jobson* too, ah Goody *Jobson* I'm sorry to see this, you are mad indeed, my Lady Quo she.

[He takes the Candle and looks on her.

Jobson. What a Pox, do you think I don't know my own Wife? that mole under her left Eye?

Countrym. A Lady? no Neighbour *Jobson*, thou'rt ten times a better Woman no Dispraise to her, She's the hearteats Jade that e're came i' th Parish, the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Oh he has bruised me, and lamed me, and I am almost dead with the stench of this filthy place, either I am removed by Enchantment, or they have given me *Opium*, and in a dead sleep they have brought me hither, are you in earnest? look on me, do you not know my Lady *Lovemore*? I'll give you a hundred pound and carry me home.

[They both laugh.

Jobson. Why you mad Beast, you my Lady *Lovemore*? A Pox on her, I know her well enough, she gave me three or four damn'd Blows of the Pate last Night, in her own House.

Lady. I did so, I remember you now, I did give you those Blows on the Pate, in my House last Night.

[*Jobson steps out.*

Countrym. Why Goody *Jobson*, why do you think I'm blind? I do not know my Lady? a plaguy Quean, why all the Countrey rings of her.

{
She falls upon the Countrey Fellow, and beats him
out of Doors, he runs out crying help, help.

Lady. This is a Conspiracy of Rogues.

Countrym. Help, help, if She be not my Lady, she has learnt of my Lady.

[*Ex. Countrym.*
Lady.

Lady. Is this the Rogue my Husbands revenge upon me? here's Clothes, here's filthy Rags; oh foh! oh miserable Woman! I shall be deliver'd and make 'em rue for it.

Enter Jobson with a Rock and Spindle.

Jobson. Come, come you Quean, I'll make you leave your fooling, come to your Spindle, or else I'll lamb your Hide, you were ne're lamb'd so since you were an Inch long. Take it up you Jade.

[She flings it down, he straps her.

Lady. Hold, hold, what shall I do? I can't spin.

Jobson. Oh! I thought I should bring you to your self to work, I'll into my Stall, 'tis broad day now, why, when you awkward Jade? I think her Brains are turn'd, She has forgot to spin.

[He sings and stitches.

Lady. I know this place, I'll try my Feet, I'll run into the Town, some body will succour me there sure.

[She runs out, he follows her.

Jobson. What does the Jade run for't? I'll after her.

*The Scene changes to Sir Richard Lovemore's House,
the Bed-Chamber, Nell, Jobson in Bed.*

Nell. What Heavenly dreams I have had this Night? me-thought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Roses, and of Violets, and the sweetest Husband by my side; sure it was a Dream, Ha! where am I now? bless us! what sweets are these about me? no Garden in the Spring can equal them, not Buds of Roses with the Dew upon them, am I upon a Bed? the Sheets are Sarcenet sure; no Linnen ever was so fine, what a gay silken Robe have I gotten? Oh Heaven I dream! I dream nothing but Point and Lace, and Gold, and Fringe. Oh let me never wake! nothing but Gold, fine Works and Carving: oh Father what a Glais is there! there's a sumptuous Carpet upon the Table and silver Plate, sure I dy'd to night in my sleep, and am gone to Heaven and this is it!

Enter

Enter Jane.

Jane. Now must I go to be call'd Whore or Jade, and fifty other Names, I must wake an alarm that will not lye still till Mid-night at the soonest, Madam. Madam.

[She goes sneaking towards the Bed.

Nell. Lord who is this, what sayst thou sweet Heart?

Jane. Sweet heart, O Lord Sweet heart! the best Names I have had these twelve Months from her, have been Whore or Jade: Madam, what Gown and what Ruffles, will your Ladyship please to weare to Day?

Nell. Oh Lord what does she mean? Ladyship, Gown and Ruffles, sure I am awake now, I remember the Cunningman!

Jane. Say you Madam?

Nell. The same I did yesterday Child.

Jane. Mercy upon me! Child! here's a Miracle!

Enter Maid Sneaking.

Maid. Is my Lady awake, and have you had e're a slipper or a shoe flung at your Head yet?

Jane. Oh no, I am overjoy'd, she's in the kindest humour, nothing but Love and Sweetness, go to the Bed and speak to her now, now is your time.

Maid. You laugh at me, now is your time says she, what to have an Eye beaten out or another Tooth? Madam. [Softly.]

Nell. What sayst thou Girl? Father, what wou'd she have?

Maid. What work will your Ladyship have me do to day? shall I work Plain-work, or go on my Parchment?

Nell. Work sayst thou, why? 'tis holiday Child, no work to Day.

Maid. Oh mercy, am I or she awake! or do we both dream?

Jane. Did not I tell you?

Maid. Here's a blest Change!

Jane. If it continues we are all made, we shall be a happy Family.

Nell. Who's that?

Enter.

Enter Footboy with Billets.

Footboy. Now shall I be condemn'd to the Dog-whip, instead of a Breakfast.

Jane. Some Billets for your Ladiships fire ?

Nell. That's a good Boy.

Footboy. O Lord ! O Lord, is that my Lady ?

[He runs out jumping.

Jane. Go Sir, she's in rare humour.

Nell. Prithee Sweetheart give me my things, I'll rise, I can't abide to lie in Bed.

Jane. Have I my fences or not, Good Luck ?

Nell. This Cunning-man is a rare Man : he said I must bear it out, I'm amazed ? I know not what to doe.

[Jane gives her a Rich Morning Gown.

Jane. Here's your Ladiships Morning Gown.

Nell. Where are my Eyes ? they are Dazled, this is a Robe fit for an Angel to wear. Bless me, I shall not know my self. (Aside.)

[She rises from her Bed.

Maid. Your Ladiships Chocolate's ready.

Nell. Mercy on me what's that ? 'tis some Garment sure ! well put it on then Sweetheart.

Maid. Put it on Madam, I have taken it off, 'tis ready to Drink.

Nell. Drink say's she, I mean, put it by, I don't care for Drinking.

Enter Footboy and Cook.

Cook. Now go I like a Beare to the stake, to know what her 'Scurvy Ladiship will have for Breakfast, how many Rascally names shall I be call'd !

Footboy. You are mistaken, there never was such a change, she's nothing but Goodness, you'll be overjoy'd to hear her.

Cook. You arch Dog ! I'll lug you by the Ears Sirrah, if you play the Rogue with me.

[Ex. Footboy.

Maid. Oh ! John Cook you'll be out of your wits to see this change, oh ! she's the sweetest Lady.

Cook. What the Devil are they all mad !

Jane

Jane. Madam, here's the Cook come to know what your Ladiship will please to have for Breakfast.

Nell. Oh Lord there's a fine Cook: He looks like one of your Gentlefolks. (*Aside.*) I am very hungry indeed, honest Man, pray get me a Rashar upon the Coals and a peice of one Milk Cheeſe, and ſome White-bread.

Jane. Here's Humility! what a Conversion's here?

Cook. Hey what's to doe here! what the Devil's the matter! my Head turns round: where am I? honest Man! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal at the beſt.

Jane. Oh Madam that will lye heavy upon your Ladiship's Stomach: hee'll get you ſome rare dainty Dish immedately.

Nell. Doe then e'ne what twoo't good Mr. Cook.

Cook. Good Lord! good Mr. Cook! Ohc is a sweet Lady. [*Aside.*] And by my troth I will Madam preſently. I'm overjoy'd! methinks I cou'd leap out of my Skin.

[Enter the Butler.

Chip, kifs me, prithee kifs me I ſay: I'm out of my Wits. We have the rareſt Lady, the sweeteſt Lady that ever Men ſerv'd: go and be aſtoniſh as I am.

Butler. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits indeed; what the Devil do's he mean? the Maid looks mer- rily too.

Jane. *Chip* the Butler is come Madam to know what your Ladiship will please to drink: Come near Mr. *Chip*. You'll be ama- zed.

[*Aside.*

Nell. Good Mr. *Chip*, let me have ſome good Small Beer when my Breakfast comes up.

Butler. Mr. *Chip*! Mr. *Chip*! I ſhall be turn'd into a Stone with amazement. Madam, wou'd not your Ladiship please to have a Glass of *Frontinuque* or *Lachrimæ*?

Nell. Oh me, what hard Names are theſe! I muſt not betray my ſelf. [*Aside.*] Yes if you will Mr. Butler.

Butler. Heaven and Earth, I'm amaz'd! here will be Joy! go get you in and be happy as I am. Joy, Joy. [Ex. *Butler.*]

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. The Cook has been bantring I do know not how long Do the Butler banter too? F *Jane.*

Jane. Madam the Coachman is at the Door.

Enter Coachman.

Nell. Come in good Coachman.

Coachm. Will your Ladyship please to take the Air to day ? if so, which will you have the Coach or the Chariot ?

Nell. Thank you, which you think convenient.

Coachm. O Heaven ! the Sky will fall, what's this ?

[He goes out smiling.]

Nell. Sure I cannot be awake, how overjoy'd they all seem to wait on me, Oh notable Cunning man, I'm the happiest Woman, I grow giddy with my happiness, I'll retire and give Heaven thanks for this, (aside.) where is the Common-prayer Book ?

Jane. Common-Prayer Book ! here's a turn, what will Non-con say ? your Ladyship has none, but here's my Master's.

[She takes it. *Exeunt.*]

Nell. Thank you Sweet heart.

Enter Sir Richard and his two Friends from hunting.

Sir Richard. How do you like this Gentlemen ? we have had a smart turn or two.

[All the Servants flock about him.]

Rowl. I never follow'd sleeter Dogs that had any Noses.

Long. I hate your meer fleet Hounds, that kill presently in view, it is as bad as coursing.

Sir Richard. Methinks there's Pleasure to see 'em hit it off at a fault, as well as there is in a hard riding.

Long. And to see the Doubles, and Shifts an old Hare will make for her Life, faith beyond a Fox.

Sir Richard. I spare my Horses to day which made me come home so soon, but to morrow you shall try my Fox-hounds, and then Gentlemen I will lead you a dance.

Butler. Sir, here's the rarest News.

Jane. There never was the like, Sir you'll be overjoy'd and amazed.

Sir Richard. What are ye mad ? what's the matter with you ?

Enter.

*Enter the Coachman, and three or four Servants
more jumping in.*

Coachm. How now? what's the matter? here's a new Face in my Family, what all joy and mirth, what does it mean, or is it a Christmas Gambal?

Butler. Oh Sir the Family is turn'd topsy turvy, we are almost distracted, we are the happiest People.

Jane. I cannot contain my self, my Lady, Sir my Lady.

Sir Richard. what is she dead?

Butler. Dead! no Heaven forsend, she's the best Lady, the sweetest Lady.

Jane. Oh the dearest, kindest Lady, you are the happiest man Sir living.

Butler. Never was such a change, such a miracle, why, all the House will lay down their Lives for her.

Jane. She has oblig'd us all the kindliest and the sweetliest, we'll live and dye with her.

All the Servants { Ay, all, all of us, long live her Ladyship,
Speak together. { God bless her Ladyship.

Maid. Oh She's the best Lady in the World, I cou'd kiss the Ground she goes on.

Butler. I cou'd lick the Dirt of her Shoes, she's the sweetest, gentlest natur'd Lady breathing.

Sir Richard. Why? give me Breath a little, what do you mean?

Butler. 'Tis true, 'tis true Sir, go into her your self, and be witness of her strange change, none but Heaven cou'd work such a miracle.

Sir Richard. This is most astonishing, Gentlemen you see how I am surprized, if you please to dress, I'll in and see the meaning of this Wonder, I'm impatient till I go in.

Jane. Sir you may put off your Boots and dress first, She's at Prayers with the Common-Prayer Book in her Closet, and will be private for half an hour.

Sir Richard. How, Common-Prayer Book? new Prodigies! what miraculous Power has been here at work? my Friends, if this be true I shall rejoice indeed.

Butler. True, ay 'tis true enough, long live Sir Richard and his Lady, Heaven bless 'em both, Huzah, Huzah.

[Ex. omnes.

The End of the second Act.

ACT the THIRD.

Nell and Jane.

NELL I well remember the Cunning-man warned me to bear all out with Confidence, or worse he said woud follow, I am ashamed and know not what to doe with all this Ceremony ; I am amazed, and out of my Senses, I look'd i'th Glass, and saw a gay fine thing I knew not, methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at Home, in a peice of a Looking Glass fastned upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies they say have flattering Glasses, that show them far unlike themselves, whilst Poor-folks Glasses show 'em as they are.

Enter Sir Richard.

Jane. Oh Madam, Here's my Master now return'd from Hunting.

Nell. Oh Heaven ! this goodly Gentleman my Husband ?

Sir. Richard. My Dear ; I am extreamly pleased to see my Family thus transform'd to all the joy imaginable, which as they tell me, you have created in them.

Nell. Sir I shall be always overjoy'd, at what gives you delight, and shall be ever glad, if I can please your Family.

Sir. Richard. Oh Divine Softness ! this Gentleness of thine transports me.

Nell. Alas Sir what am I ? I am ashamed of my own meanness, I shall be glad to be a Fellow Servant here, you are Lord of all Sir.

Sir. Richard. Dear Creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather be Lord of thee than of the Indies.

Nell. You make me Blush Sir ; I hope I shall have Grace never to be otherwise.

Sir. Richard. I am astonish'd, can this be Real ?

[She kneels.

Nell.

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me: I am in earnest.

Sir Richard. Rife sweetest Creature, what has wrought this admirable change?

Nell. Alas! I never did offend you nor any of them.

Sir Richard. [Aside.] What does she mean? I have not known a Calm within my House these six Weeks: but Yesternight you triumph'd over me, and all my Family, was not that offence?

Nell. It was not I; I sure was not my self then, indeed, I find my self so much changed, I scarce know who I am?

Sir Richard. It is a blessed change.

Nell. It is so, I have that pleasure in my mind; that every thing I see ravishes me with joy, such a sweet House, such brave Furniture, such ready loving Servants, and so noble, so sweet a Lord and Master: Oh Father! I know not where I am methinks!

Sir Richard. Heaven be thanked for this: I wou'd not lose this Dear, this Blessed Creature, for all the Wealth and Power that King's can boast off.

Nell. 'Tis sure Heaven's doing: and I can never have another mind, 'tis wondrous that I ever had methinks.

Sir Richard. And I am confirm'd: Joy! Joy! Oh heart make room for Joy! it will overwhelm you else, upon my knees I kiss this dear, dear hand: Thou art so rare a Creature, I shall worship thee.

Nell. Nay hold Sir I pray Sir! what doe you doe? Indeed you make me cry, I am so ashamed, oh Father! so brave a Gentleman to kneel to me? 'tis My duty to doe that.

Sir Richard. Hold heart, I say contain thy self, where are my Friends, my Servants, call e'm all, and let e'm be witnesses of my happiness.

Nell. O Lord! how shall I behave my self before these Gentlefolks.

Sir Richard. And wilt thou never chide, nor quarrel with me more, and show thy fury amongst my Servants?

Nell. I'll cut my Tongue out first, oh Lord I chide not.

Sir Richard. I have one thing more, wilt thou go to Church with me, and leave the sniveling Conventicle?

Nell. Yes surely Sir, I'll do what e're you please, I'll have nothing to doe with Fanaticks, they are all Melancholy ill condition'd People.

Sir Richard. Sure t'was an Angel spoke in thee, thou art the best of all thy Sex, I hope thou art convinc'd that the Phanatick Chaplain was drunk last night; woud'st thou let me discard him, there wants nothing then to compleat my happiness.

Nell. Yes, Heaven forbid else: what shall I disobey my Lord and Master?

Sir Richard. Let me embrace my Dear, my Love, and prithee seal this promise with a kiss.

Nell. Oh rare sweet man! he smells all over like a Nosegay, Heaven preserve my wits. (*Aside.*)

Enter Rowland, Longmore, and all the Servants.

Sir Richard. Gentlemen, behold this day, here stands the happiest man that the sun shines on, I am transported beyond my sens: I hear proclaim a Jubile to all my Family these three months: Summon in all the Countrey, I'll keep open house, send for my Fidlers, Hoboys, Trumpets, and all Instruments of joy: let all the Bells in the Hundred Ring, let the Seeples Rock, and let the Ringers Drink enough: here stands the best of Women and of Wives, the kindest and the gentlest Mistress to her Servants: and she that has given me all this happiness.

Nell. Lord Sir, you put me out of countenance, I blush, I'm sorry that I ever angred any of you, indeed I'll do you all the good I can, I shou'd be to blame else.

All the Ser- God bless my Lady, long live her Ladiship, we'll *vantscry.* live and dye with her.

Sir Richard. My Dear you did affront these Gentlemen last night, speak to e'm.

Nell. Indeed, I was not my self, I'm sorry that I was uncivil, I hope in time to mend.

Rowl. We are your Ladiships humble Servants, and largely must partake of the great joy, which now possesses all the Family.

Longm. Joy, Joy, to both the Bridegroom and the Bride; 'tis a new Wedding.

Sir. Richard. 'Tis true; some three months since, I did espouse her Body, this day I'm married to her mind, this is a perfect Wedding: go send for all my Tenants, there shall be nought but Feasts and Revels here.

Nell.

Nell. This will be a brave time, how I shall joy to see it.

[*A flourish of Musick. Without enter Servingman.*

Serv. Man. Your Fidlers were going by, having heard that my Lady wou'd not allow of Musick, but I call'd e'm in.

Sir Richard. You did well; my Dear, do you not love Musick?

Nell. Oh! I love nothing better.

Sir Richard. That's my joy, my life; call in my Musick: Gentlemen, i'll make e'm sing a very unfashionable song to you, in the praise of marriage, a peice of my own Poetry in my last Wives time.

[*They come in and sing the Song.*

Let the vain Spark consume his store,

In keeping an expensive Whore,

For others to employ.

For all those snares, and baits he pays,

Which she for other Gallants lays,

And he must least enjoy.

Keep Whores then as perfumes you wear;

Of which your selves have the least share:

Of other's claps partake.

Your Bodies bring to'th Surgeons hands,

And to the Scriveners all your Lands:

And give her your last Stake.

While with reason we bless the Fate,

That brings us to the Marriage State,

The only happy Life.

The chief enjoyment in a King,

No Wealth, no Power, such joy can bring;

As does a Wife, a tender Wife.

There can be no true Friend beside,

So oft does interest divide;

But they are so conjoyn'd.

By this most Sacred Rite are grown,

That they are not one flesh alone,

But they are both one Mind.

A Comical Transformation.

41

Butler. Sir, here are some Countrey Neighbours hearing of the happy conversion, desire to dance before you.

Sir Richard. Let them come in.

[They Dance.]

Enter Noddy wrapt up in his Night Cap.

Noddy. What meaneth this lewd noise; this most prophane abominable Jigging? Lady I must rebuke thee, in pure zeal, I must rebuke thee, I cannot bear it.

Sir Richard. Thou insolent fool be silent, I will have no Phanticks, no Law-Breakers within my Walls, especially no Hypocrites, you were drunk last night you Swine.

Noddy. I defie thy words, it was a fit, I was taken with a fit, a greivous fit: Lady, what say you, are you become like one of the wicked ones?

Nell. I will obey my Lord and Master, his will is mine.

Sir Richard. Retire to your Chamber, you shall not be seen this day, to morrow I will tell you more of my mind.

Noddy. What's this, she is not as she was; *Fampridem mulierine credas ne mortuæ quidem*; I may not go, I will not retire, my Zeal telleth me, I must rebuke thee, and I will thunder in thine Ears.

Sir Richard. Turn him out.

Noddy. I may not go, I say I will not retire, my Zeal transporteth me, I am become furious.

[They thrust him out.]

Enter my Ladies Father.

Sir Richard. Father you are welcome, doubly welcome; I sent for you upon another occasion than I now find: Heaven has ordered things another way, we are all transported with excess of joy, my Dear Father.

Nell. Good Heaven! my Father; what means this sure? I shall be distracted, but I must bear it out. (Aside.)

She kneels to ask Blessing.

Father. What meaneth this, 'tis superstitious, and favours of idolatry?

G

Sir Ri-

Sir Richard. 'Tis nothing but her great Humility.
Father. I like it not. *[aside.]* notisvnoo vqqed on
 an emor. *[The Cook knocks to Dinner.]*

Nell. I shall endeavour then to please you Sir.

Father. 'Tis well, I am glad to see you and my Son-in-Law
 well; but what's the cause of this unwonted joy of this transport?

Sir Richard. The Cook has knocked to Dinner: let's in, you
 there shall have a full account, and be a joyfull witness of our Happi-
 ness. *[Ex. omnes.]*

Scene changes to Jobson's House.

Lady. Was ever Woman yet so miserable? I cannot make one
 in the Village yet acknowledge me, they sure are all of the Con-
 spiracy, this wicked Husband of mine has laid a Develish Plot a-
 gainst me, I for the present must submit that I may get an oppor-
 tunity into my hands for my Design, here comes a Rogue I will
 have strangled, but now I yield.

Enter Jobson.

Jobson. Come on Nell, art come to thy self yet?

Lady. Ay I thank you, I wonder what I ailed, this Cunning-
 man put Powder in my Drink most certainly.

Jobson. Powder! the Brewer put good store of powder of malt
 in it that's all, Powder Quo' she, ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so day's of my Life.

Jobson. Was so, no, nor I hope ner'e will be so again, to put me
 to the trouble of strapping you so Devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that Right hand cut off, for that you were un-
 mercifull to bruise me so. *[aside.]*

Jobson. Why? Faith I'm sorry for it, but it did you a great deal
 of good tho, why? you wou'd have been mad and call'd your self
 my Lady Lovemore till this time else, why come, why don't you
 Spin?

Lady. I can't you have bruised my Arms so, when they are well
 I'll work hard.

Jobson.

Jobson. That's my good Girl, I'll buy some Plums to make thee a minc'd Pye, come let's be friends, faith kills and friends.

Lady. Oh cursed Impudent Ratfeat, what does he say?

[She turns from him.]

Jobson. Nay, prithee now, faith I won't strapp thee so no more.

Lady. I must stay till this be well, before I forget it.

Jobson. Ounz if you go to that, I will kiss you.

[He kisses her and smacks.]

Lady. Oh soh, how the Beast stinks of Cheese, Leather-apron, Pitch, Greace, foul Linnen and old Shoes. (aside.)

Enter the Country Fellow with two or three more with him.

C. Fellow. Why Neighbour *Jobson*? why don't you put on your Bond, and go to the Hall-place?

Jobson. Why, what's the matter?

C. Fellow. Matter! why? there's such a change, they are all out of their Wits, there's open House to be kept there till *Candlemas*, all the Tennants are sent for, why you'll loose your Dinner.

Lady. What do I hear? here's fine work indeed. (Aside.)

Jobson. What the Devil is to do there? is that Damn'd Jade my Lady dead?

C. Fellow. Nay I know not, we shall hear when I go, the Bells ring, do you not hear 'em? and there's order given for all the Parishes hereabouts to ring, Barrels of Beer, Flaggons of Brandy and Money for the Ringers, and Alms to all the Poor are ordered.

Lady. Death what's this? Here's a rout when I am gone, did they pack me away for this, I shall have all my Estate run out.

C. Fellow. Come, come, make hast.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Jobson. Why, what ail'st thou? Did not I tell thee I wou'd strapp thee yesterday for desiring to go, art thou at it again?

Lady. What does this Villain mean by strapping, and yesterday?

Jobson. What a Pox, I have been married but six weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already, stay at home there's good cold Pye in the Cupboard. But I'll trust you no more with strong Beer Huzwife.

Lady. Well, you will have your way, I must do what you bid me.
Jobson. That's a good Wench, God be with you, come on
 Neighbours. [Ex. Jobson and Neighbour.

Lady. And I'll be there not long after you, sure I shall meet some
 there that are not of the Conspiracy. [Ex. Lady.

Scene Sir Richard's House, Sir Richard and all the
 Company at Dinner.

[Serv. Men whispers Sir Richard.

Father. Son-in-Law Sir Richard I long to see Mr. Noddy, me-
 thinks I did not eat the meat with *Appetite* since he did not bless
 the *Creature*.

Sir Richard. Sir to tell you the truth he is very sick, he was
 drunk last night, I am sorry to say it to you.

Father. Son-in-Law, I know you are a Lukewarm *Formalist* of
 the *Episcopal way*, and you are glad to say it, but I believe it not.

Sir Richard. Pardon me Sir, I do not use to lye, the whole Fa-
 mily are witnesses of it.

Father. I fear me they are all too much of the same Batch, will
 my Daughter affirm this?

Nell. I must needs say what Sir Richard says.

Father. Come Gentlemen, perhaps he might e're he was aware
 be overtaken with the *Creature*, he might be transported perhaps
 with *Zeal* and so the sooner overtaken, and so 'tis not a sin, but a
 frailty in him that is Righteous: I must see him.

Sir Richard. But 'tis a sin in us: very good Doctrine.

Though Zeal stand Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
Tet all that have the Word pass freely In.

[Ex. Footboy and brings in Noddy.

Father. I am sorry to see you ill Mr. Noddy.

Noddy. Bless your Worship.

Father. Now we have dined let him give Thanks.

[Noddy is humming and haughing in order to his Grace.

Enter *Lady*.

Lady. Here's a Riot and a Rout, you sirrah, Butler, Rogue.

Butler.

Butler. Why how now? what a Pox is to do with you? who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

Butler. Why how now you Quean? here, turn this Madwoman out of Doors. [She strikes him.

Lady. S'Life you Rascal take that sirrah, why sirrah? don't you know your Lady? my Lady Lovemore, hands off, I am she you Rogue.

{ She flings the Glass in his Face which he had in his hands, and Servingman lays hold on her.

Serv. Why you saucy Jade? Huzwife have a care here's a good pump, we'll cool your Courage for you.

Lady. Why Jane? Huzwife, sure you do not forget me?

Jane. Forget thee Woman! why? I never remembred thee, I ne're saw thee in my Life.

Lady. Oh wicked Slut! I'll give thee cause to remember me.

[She pulls her by the Head-Clothes.

Jane. Oh murder! murder! help, help!

Sir Richard. How now, what Uproar's there?

Lady. You Jade, Lettice! what won't you know me neither? I'll make you know your Lady.

[Lady strikes her, she breaks from her.

Maid. Help, help!

Sir Richard. What's to do there?

Butler. Why? here's a Madwoman falls a beating and lugging us, and calls her self my Lady.

Sir Richard. Some Christmas frolick, some Neighbour has a mind to be merry.

Nell I warrant it is a Bess of Bedlam.

Lady. Oh here's my Chaplain, sure he is not of the Conspiracy against me! Mr. Noddy! Thou art an holy man.

Noddy. I am so Woman, what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. What are you blind? do you not know me because I have these filthy Clothes on? look on my Face, I am the most injur'd, the most abused Lady that ever yet drew Breath.

Noddy. Lady! Woman, art thou not mad in truth?

Lady. Why sirrah, are not you my Chaplain? You base Villain, did not I lay on the Plaister to your shoulders, and a red hot Pan to your Head last Night, and sav'd your Life?

Noddy.

Noddy. Oh Heaven! this is the *Sorceress* that bewitch'd me this Night, lay hold on her she is a *Witch*.

Father. Why Master *Noddy*? art not thou troubled in Spirit? it is surely a Trick, a *Gambal*.

Lady. My Father here! I am so distracted with my griefs and sufferings I did not see you, but now I must embrace you, and never leave you till you succour and revenge me, for the most Barbarous usage that ever *Lady* suffer'd: speak, will you not speak to me, Honour'd Father?

Father. I know thee not, I fear thou art some lewd woman; be gone, hands off.

Lady. Nay, then I am desperately miserable.

Noddy. She is a *Witch* and did confess it to me, I will have her burnt.

Sir Richard. Stand by, there must be something more than ordinary in this Business. [Ex. *Noddy and Father*.]

Longm. What the Devil can this mean?

Rowl. What shou'd it mean? some poor *Madwoman* is got loose.

Sir Richard. Why? I never saw thee, thou my *Wife*? poor Creature I pity thee.

Lady. Nay 'tis in vain to hope for Redress from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How I am amazed! is that I there in my *Clothes*, that have made this disturbance? oh *Father*! I am here in these fine *Clothes*, how can this be? and yet to my thinking I am there, I am so confounded and affrighted, that I shall begin to wish I were with *Zekell Jobson* again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply my self? or whither shall I flee? oh Heaven what do I see! Is not that I there in my *Gown* and *Petticoat* I wore yesterday? how can it be when I am here? I can not be in two places at once.

Noddy. Surely no, unless thou we'ret a *Bird*, but come Sir let's be deaf to these vile *Gambals* and retire.

Sir Richard. Poor Creature she's stark mad.

Lady. What in the Devil's Name, was I here before I came hither? that I shou'd come hither, and find that I was here before I came is the strangest thing to me, let me look in this *Glass*, Oh Heaven I am confounded, I know not my self, if that be I that's represented in the *Glass*, I never saw my self before.

Sir Richard. What incoherent madness is this?

Enter.

Enter Jobson.

Lady point- There, there's the Devil in my likeness, that has
ing to Nell. } robb'd me of my Countenance, S' Life is he here.
Jobson. Ay that must be the Devil that's in your Likeness, re-
member my strap you Quean.

Lady. How inevitably wretched am I?

Nell. O Lord, I am afraid my Husband will beat me that am
on yonder side?

Jobson. Gallants pray pardon her, she was drinking with a Con-
jurer last Night, and she has been mad ever since, and says she is
my Lady Lovemore.

Sir Richard. Poor Woman take care of her, and do not hurt her,
she may be cured of this.

Jobson. Cured, yes and please your Worship, you shall see me
cure her with this strap immediately, Huzwife do you see this?

Nell. Hold, hold, pray do not beat me Zekel.

Sir Richard. What says my Dear? Does she infect thee with
madness too?

Nell. I am not well, my head turns round.

[*The Maids go in with Nell.*

Enter Butler.

Sir Richard. Wait on your Lady in.

Jobson. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall
never trouble you more.

Sir Richard. Take her home and use her kindly, I'll send my
Physician to her shall cure her I warrant you.

Jobson. Thank your Worship most kindly, come *Nell.*

[*Ex. Jobson and Nell.*

Lady. What will become of me?

Sir Richard. How now, where's my Father-in-Law?

Butler. He has taken Coach, he bid me tell you he loves no
Christmas-Gambals, and he took this for one.

Longm. It is a very odd one take it all together, ase're I saw?

Rowl. Methought there was a Method in her madness, she did
not know her self i'th Glass.

Longm. And if you observed, your Lady uttered some strange
words.

Sir Richard. She did so, which did very much amaze me.

Rowl.

Rowl. But that I have not much Belief in *Magick*, I shou'd have odd thoughts of this.

Sir Richard. Now you have put me in mind of it, there was something in the latter part of this story, very strange and very surprizing.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. M. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires a word in private with you on earnest Business.

Sir Richard. What can this mean? bring him to me.

Enter Doctor.

[*Ex. Rowland, Longmore and Servants.*

Rowl. We'll take a turn and wait on you suddenly.

Sir Richard. Your servant Gentlemen, be gone Servants.

Doctor. Low on my knees I fall, and beg your pardon, and put my Life into your hands, I have exercised my art of *Magick* on your Lady, I know you are an honourable Man, and will not take my Life, who might have still concealed it from you, if I had pleased.

Sir Richard. Methinks you have brought me to a glimpse of misery, too great for me to bear, is all my happiness come only to a short Live'd Vision and a Dream?

Doctor. Sir I beseech you fear not, if there be any harm towards you, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir Richard. Can *Magick* bring me any thing but ill?

Doctor. I never yet did mischief by my Art, there are *Aerial* Spirits I command which do no hurt, they are *Sylphs*.

Sir Richard. What have you done? inform me.

Doctor. I have so transform'd your Ladi's face, she seems to be the Cobler's Wife, and charmed the face of *Jabson's* Wife into the Likeness of your Ladies, and when the storm arose, my Spirits removed each to the others Bed.

Sir Richard. Oh miserable wretch thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the top of all my hopes, and still must have a most tempestuous Wife, that fury whom I never yet knew quiet, since the first minute I had her.

Doctor.

Doctor. If that were all, I cou'd continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir Richard. I'll have no happiness from Hell, all my Blessings must come from Heaven, and I will hang you if you will not undo your Charm, let the event be what it will.

Doctor. I'll do it in a moment, and perhaps you'll find it is the luckiest moment of your Life, I can well assure you your Lady will prove the best of Wives, give me your pardon Sir.

Sir Richard. Upon condition you undo the Charm I will.

Doctor. It shall be done, and you shall find all my Prædiction true.

Sir Richard. Hold there is yet a material thing, which I must know.

Doctor. I will resolve you Sir.

Sir Richard. May be to Crown this mischief I have suffer'd, the Cobler may perhaps have made me Cuckold.

Doctor. Then cut this Throat, for e're she was transported to that Bed ; the Cobler was got up, besides he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the benefit of his Labour.

Sir Richard. Go about the business, i'll send for him and her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Butler, and Noddy.

Butler. I can assure you, there's no staying for you in this Family ; my Lady has yielded all up to my Mistress's power.

Noddy. Why look thee *Edward Chip* ; thou art mistaken in me, I can conform in many things, rather than leave so good a House and so good People.

Butler. Where there is so much eating.

(aside.)

Noddy. At least though I cannot conform inwardly, I will conform outwardly ; and that will do your business as well, give us some Wine, they shall see what I can do.

Enter Servingman, Cook, and all the Servants.

Butler. With all my heart, Gentlemen you are come in a good time to be merry with Mr. *Noddy*.

H

Noddy.

Noddy. Ay Gad I'm in a merry humour.

Cook. Here's a pretty turn.

Noddy. Give me a Beer-glass, here's the King and all the Royal Family, Huzzah: to'ther, here's Sir Richard Lovemore's, huzzah: the to'ther, nay Gad take me give me a third, here's my Ladies, huzzah: pledge me all of you, and let every Bumper be a facer thus.

[They drink off their Glasses, and Huzzah.

Serum. Is that a facer, faith t'is very pretty.

Noddy. Nounz I'll have you to know, I can be as good Company as e're a he that wears a head.

*He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Hee's a Herald to himself and a Godfather too.*

Butler. Here's a Transformation.

Noddy. Come saith, let's sing a Catch.

*A Boat, a Boat, haste to the Ferry,
For we come over to be merry ;
To laugh and Quaff, and drink old Sherry.*

Enter Sir Richard by the Door.

Sir Richard. Here's a turn; here's a Hypocritical Rogue, I think we shall have Ovid's *Metamorphosis* in this House, but I am too much concern'd to mind this Diversion: but where are my Friends I wonder.

[Ex. Sir Richard.

Enter the Wassalers, and sing their Wassel Song.

[Noddy joyns with em in the Song.

Butler. Come on Friends, and fall heartily to our Christmas Gambals after a Rouze or two.

[They fall a drinking.

Rowl. What you tell us Sir has much of wonder in it.

Long. It is prodigious if it prove true.

Noddy. Come now, lets have a dance.

[Noddy kisses and ruffles the Wassalers.

Butler.

Butler. Now Parson let's have one Christmās-Gambal, we'll play the Black-smith. How o'er need ev'ry nation turn I medw
Sir Noddy. Ay come with all my heart, how is that?

Butler. Come we'll show you, you shall down first, here, lyē down upon this form.

Noddy. Ay come, come, Gad I'm almost drunk.

Butler. Come I'll play the Smith and blow the Bellows, ye are my two Journey-men.

They beat upon him like two Smiths with Boots, he roars out Murder, Murder, all the Company laugh, and they leave off when Sir Richard speaks.

Cook. { We are ready.

Serv. m. }

Butler. Be sure you lay him on.

Enter the Cobler.

Sir Richard. How now Jobson, have you brought your Wife with you?

Jobson. Yes and please your Worship, she's here at the Door, a little from the House she fell into a Swoon'd, I thought I ne're shou'd have recovered her. But at last a tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen straps has done the Business, here where are you Huswife, come in?

[Butler holds the Candle.

Sir Richard. Light there 'tis very dark.

[He lets fall the Candle and Servingman takes it up.

Enter Lady.

Butler. O Heaven and Earth, what's this my Lady?

Jobson. What does he say, is my Wife chang'd to my Lady?

[The Servants run away and sneak.

Cook. I thought the other was too good to be my Lady.

Lady, to Sir Richard. You are the Person I have most offended to whom I must confess I have been the worst of Women, bating I have kept my Body undefiled, it has pleased *Heaven* to punish me most sharply for my Crimes, *Heaven* left me to suffer under the power of Enchantment, I am fully sensible of all my faults, and since I abhor 'em and detest my self for them, I hope that *Heaven* and you will pardon me, here will I kneel and fix till I have procur'd yours at least, and *Heaven* be witness to my Resolutions. The Remnant of my Life shall be employ'd in duty and observance of you, if you'll vouchsafe to take me to your Bosom.

Sir Richard. Rise Madam I forgive you, and if you be sincere, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments of the world could do.

Jobson. What a pox must I lose my Wife thus? where the Devil is my to'ther wife? here's conjuring indeed.

Enter Jane and Maid.

Jane. Oh Sir the strangest accident has happened, it has amazed us, and almost bereft us of our sences, my Lady was in so great a swound we thought she had been dead.

Maid. And when she came to her self, she proved another woman.

Sir Richard. Ha, ha, that's a Bull indeed.

Jane. She is so chang'd I know her not, I never saw her face before, O Lord is this my Lady!

Maid. I shall be beaten again.

Jane. I thought our happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not my Servants, Sir let 'em all be call'd in, I will give ease and quiet to your Family, I am a hearty Penitent, good Servants I acknowledge I have been too harsh and rigorous to ye all, but *Heaven* has given me another mind, it shall be my endeavour to make ye all happy. I'm sure no Mistress shall outdo me in *Kindness* and in *Gentleness*.

*All the Servants
and Tenants
come in.*

Sir Richard. Hold in this mind, thou wilt be the best of women, and I the happiest of men, the other was a false and short liv'd Joy, but this I hope will long continue.

Lady.

Lady. May Heaven wreak all its vengeance on me if once I alter from this Resolution, or e're I contradict your will again.

Sir Richard. This is a day of wonders.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My head turns round I must go home, why Zekel what are you there?

Jobson. Look you, look you now, hey day, what a Devil, what's that Queen my wife? here's a rare business, Gad I dare not come near her.

Sir Richard. 'Tis rare indeed, we have all this day been under the Power of Enchantment, to which *Heaven* knows there was not my least Consent. *Heaven* often turns even the malice of *Devils* to produce a good end, this is no doubt a happy change, I'll celebrate it with all the joy I did proclaim, for my late short liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis happier than my Birth-day was.

Sir Richard. Now Madam since you have resign'd your will to me, where is the *Chaplain*?

Butler. Here Mr. *Noddy* where are you? he's in the Buttery, here come in.

Noddy Enters Drunk.

Sir Richard. Behold your faint here.

Lady. I do confess my self in the wrong.

Sir Richard. Go Hypocrite, I discard thee.

Noddy. Discard me for what, Nounz I'll conform, what a Pox do you mean?

Sir Richard. Thou wicked Wretch, thou scandal to thy own Profession, woud'st thou maliciously thus bring one on ours, by thinking to conform by being vicious? detested Beast be gone, carry him to his Chamber, our Church condemns all such Debau-chery, though such vile wretches wou'd bring a scandal on it. Give him ten Pound, and in the Morning send him packing: here *Jobson* take thy fine wife.

[They carry him out.

Jobson. But hold Sir, did not your Worship Sir make me a Cuckold under the Rose?

Sir

Sir Richard. No upon my honour nor ever kist her till I came from hunting, she was my Bedfellow for a little while, and for this happy change, I'll give thee with her five hundred Pound, buy store of Lether, and be my Shoemaker, I'll help thee to all the Custome in the Countrey.

Jobson. Ho boys I am a Prince, a Prince, come hither *Nell*, come to thine own dear *Zekeh*, I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed I have been in such a dream, I'm quite weary of it.

Jobson kneels. Can your good Ladyship forgive my strapping your good Ladyship so very much. [To the Lady.]

Lady. With all my heart, the joy of this blest change makes all things good again.

Nell. Forsooth Madam will you please to take your Clothes, and let me have mine again.

Lady. No thou shalt keep 'em, and I'll preserve thine as Reliques.

Sir Richard. Gentlemen let me present you to my Wife.

Rowl. We wish your Ladyship all the joy your heart can hope for.

Long. May all your Life be ever happy Madam.

Lady. Gentlemen pray pardon me, and I think I was a Madwoman last night, *Heaven* now has brought me to my self.

Sir Richard. No more of this Subject.

Proclaim my joys in every place aloud,
Bonfires surround my house, let the Bells ring,
Let's dance and revel, feast, carouze and sing.

All the Servants cry. Long live my Lady and Sir Richard.

Jobson. Now let me speak if I may be so bold,

Nought but the Devil sure can tame a Scold.

THE

THE EPilogue,

Spoken by Mr. Jevon, and Mrs. Percyval.

Mr. Jevon.

Come Nell, prithee while I dress for the Dance speak something in my behalf to these Friends of mine here, for I'm sure they are

all Friends.

Mrs. Percyval. Who I Zekel? Oh Lord you know, I wand dacity when I come before great Folks.

Mr. Jevon. How now Huzwife dare you dispute it? remember my strap you Quean:

Mrs. Percyval. Hold, hold good Husband, I'll try what I can do.

To the People. Oh most curious fine Gentlefolks, I hope you will pardon me for being so bold, but ne're stir, I'll never let you alone till I find you kind to poor Zekel, for he's as pretty a Fellow as e're strapp'd Wife.

Mr. Jevon. Why how now, what a Pox is all this for? what speak an Epilogue in Prose? (the Devil) I cou'd have done that my self you foolish Jade. For example now,

*Addresses himself to the Audience, and makes a long
Banter, and goes off, after that he speaks.*

Look you Huzwife, there's as good Prose as any is in England, but I must have it in Verse, all beaten Verse, away with it.

Mrs. Percyval.

YOU cannot sure ungenerously refuse,
The first address of a young tender muse;
So modest that she ne're attempts to fly,
Up to the lofty pitch of Comedy:

Farce.

135
Heros byr arm, the perfuns low and
Hammer the language homely is the
Let this poor shew secure from censur
For all the Critiques stormy rage too le
If you'll your thundering indignation w
Let it an lofty bumbast all be spent.
applauded nonsense where sad lovers
And Hero's rant and fight and cry an
And the old buskins empty swelling st
That cracks the Player's lungs and P
These, these are triumphs for your fore
But who upon a Droll c're spent his
Or critiz'd on Merry Andrew yet?
Whil'st all the lofty Frigots you atta
Pray let in safety pass this little sm
Your shot 'gainst us will wast 'th em
The whistling bullets o're our heads w
We lyce so low your Canon mount too

F I N

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Jevon. Thos

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~~Jevon. Thos~~

for Alphonse et le tombe 50
meurt gisant le 25 juillet 1863
Alphonse et le tombe 50
: Alphonse et le tombe 50